

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[Part 2d.]

THE TREAD-MILL AT BRIXTON.



The Tread-Mill at Brixton, that "terror to evil-doers," has excited so much attention, that the Proprietors of *The Mirror* think a correct view and description of it, cannot fail of being acceptable to their readers. The tread-mill is the invention of Mr. Cubitt*, of Ipswich, and is considered a great improvement in Prison discipline; so much so, that since its beneficial effects have been experienced at Brixton, mills of a similar construction have been erected at Cold-Bath-fields, and several places in the country.

The above engraving exhibits a party of prisoners in the act of working the Brixton tread-mill, of which it is a correct representation. The view is taken from a corner of one of the ten airing yards of the prison, all of which radiate from the Governor's house in the centre; so that from the window of his

room commands a complete view into all the yards. A building behind the tread-wheel shed is the mill-house, containing the necessary machinery for grinding corn and dressing the flour, also rooms for storing it, &c. On the right side of this building a pipe is seen passing up to the roof, on which is a large cast-iron reservoir, capable of holding some thousand gallons of water, for the use of the prison. This reservoir is filled by means of forcing-pump machinery below, connected with the principal axis which works the machinery of the mill:—this axis or shaft passes under the pavement of the several yards, and, working by means of universal joints, at every turn, communicates with the tread-wheel of each class.

This wheel, which is represented in the centre of the engraving, is exactly similar to a common water-wheel; the tread-boards upon its circumference are, however, of considerable length, so as to allow sufficient standing room for a row of from ten to twenty persons upon the wheel. Their weight, the

* This gentleman's name has given rise to some jokes on the subject, among such of the prisoners as can laugh at their own crimes, who say, they are punished by the cubit.

first moving power of the machine, produces the greatest effect when applied upon the circumference of the wheel at or near the level of its axle; to secure therefore this mechanical advantage, a screen of boards is fixed up in an inclined position above the wheel, in order to prevent the prisoners from climbing or stepping up higher than the level required. A hand-rail is seen fixed upon this screen, by holding which they retain their upright position upon the revolving wheel; the nearest side of which is exposed to view in the plate, in order to represent its cylindrical form much more distinctly than could otherwise have been done. In the original, however, both sides are closely boarded up, so that the prisoners have no access to the interior of the wheel, and all risk of injury whatever is prevented.

By means of steps, the gang of prisoners ascend at one end, and when the requisite number range themselves upon the wheel, it commences its revolution. The effort, then, to every individual is simply that of ascending an endless flight of steps, their combined weight acting upon every successive stepping board, precisely as a stream of water upon the float-boards of a water-wheel.

During this operation, each prisoner gradually advances from the end at which he mounted towards the opposite end of the wheel, from whence the last man, taking his turn, descends for rest (see the Plate), another prisoner immediately mounting as before to fill up the number required, without stopping the machine. The interval of rest may then be portioned to each man, by regulating the number of those required to work the wheel with the whole number of the gang; thus, if twenty out of twenty-four are obliged to be upon the wheel, it will give to each man intervals of rest amounting to 12 minutes in every hour of labour. Again, by varying the number of men upon the wheel, or the work inside the mill, so as to increase or diminish its velocity, the degree of hard labour or exercise to the prisoner may also be regulated. At Brixton, the diameter of the wheel being five feet, and revolving twice in a minute, the space stepped over by each man is 2108 feet, or 781 yards per hour.

To provide regular and suitable employment for prisoners sentenced to hard labour, has been attended with considerable difficulty in many parts of the kingdom: the invention of the Discipline Mill has removed the difficulty,

and it is confidently hoped, that as its advantages and effects become better known, the introduction of the Mill will be universal in Houses of Correction. As a species of prison labour, it is remarkable for its simplicity. It requires no previous instruction; no taskmaster is necessary to watch over the work of the prisoners, neither are materials or instruments put into their hands that are liable to waste or misapplication, or subject to wear and tear: the internal machinery of the Mill, being inaccessible to the prisoners, is placed under the management of skilful and proper persons, one or two at most being required to attend a process which keeps in steady and constant employment from ten to two hundred or more prisoners at one and the same time; which can be suspended and removed as often as the regulations of the prison render it necessary, and which imposes equality of labour on every individual employed, no one upon the wheel being able in the least degree to avoid his proportion.

The arrangement of the wheels in the yards radiating from the governor's central residence, places the prisoners thus employed under very good inspection—an object known to be of the utmost importance in prison management. At the Brixton House of Correction, with the exception of the very few confined by the casualties of sickness or debility, all the prisoners are steadily employed under the eye of the governor during a considerable part of the day.

The classification also of the prisoners, according to offences, &c. may be adhered to in the adoption of these discipline wheels; the same wheel, or the same connected shafts, can be easily made to pass into distinct compartments, in which the several classes may work in separate parties. In the prison from which the annexed drawing is taken, a tread-wheel is erected in each of the six yards, by which the inconvenience and risk of removing a set of prisoners from one part of the prison to another is obviated.

As the mechanism of these Tread-Mills is not of a complicated nature, the regular employment they afford is not likely to be frequently suspended for want of repairs to the machinery; and should the supply of corn, &c. at any time fall off, it is not necessary that the labour of the prisoners should be suspended, nor can they be aware of the circumstance: the supply of hard

labour may therefore be considered as almost unfailling.

It is unnecessary to occupy much time in proving the advantage which the invention of the Stepping-Mill presents as a species of *preventive punishment*. Although but very recently introduced, and hitherto but sparingly brought into action, the effects of its discipline have in every instance proved eminently useful in decreasing the number of commitments. As a corrective punishment, the discipline of the Stepping-Mill has had a most salutary effect upon the prisoners, and is not likely to be easily forgotten; while it is an occupation which by no means interferes with, nor is calculated to lessen the value of, those branches of prison regulation which provide for the moral and religious improvement of the criminal.

By an excellent contrivance, when the machinery of the mill has attained its proper speed, certain balls rise by their centrifugal force, so as to draw a box below the reach of a bell-handle, which will then cease to ring a bell, placed in some convenient situation for the purpose. But should the men at the wheels cease to keep up the requisite speed in the mill-work, the balls will descend, and a projecting pin on the box, striking the handle, placed in the proper situation for that purpose, will continue to ring the bell, till they go on again properly; and by this means, a certain check will be kept on the labourers, and the governor or taskmaster apprised, even at a distance, that the full work is not performed.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

Cases for the Opinion of

DR. LUSHINGTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, in vain, by September set free,

Have I, a poor Proctor, eloped toward the sea.

This new Marriage Act, which my Lord Ellenborough

Has whisk'd through the House like a colt o'er the Curragh,

Has set the pent fears of my clients at large—

I'm boarded by dunces, like Pope in his barge.

My bag won't contain half the cases they draw,

The Church can't absolve, so they fly to the Law.

The Magistrates' clerks know not how to behave, it's

So puzzling to draw up the right affidavits:

Then how shall I pick Cupid's bone of contention,

Remote as I am from the scene of dissension?

My client, Jack Junk, with a heart hot as *Ætna*,

Has cut through the knot by post horses and Gretna.

One says the church notice must not be a scrawl;

One says there is no need of notice at all;

A third swears it must be in black and in white;

A fourth hints that, where neither party can write,

A cross is sufficient; forgetting, of course,

That a cross before marriage is cart before horse.

My female complainants are equally busy,

And ply me with complaints till I'm really dizzy.

Miss Struggle, aged fifty, still baiting Love's trap,

Asks who keeps the children should Hymen's chain snap.

Miss Blue, equi-wrinkled, has dipp'd me in ink,

With doubts on divorce & mens, and *à vin*.

Aunt Jane understands it: her niece Mary Anne

Says she cannot conceive—others say that she can;

And gladly would hie to St. George's, full trot,

To clench Cupid's nail while the iron is hot.

To flourish my flail, feather mounted, and draw

A handful of wheat from a barn full of straw;

Five Cases I've hit on, in Cupid's dominion,

On which I request your advice and opinion.

Case one.—Kitty Crocodile married Ned Bray,

And swore she would honour, and love, and obey.

The honeymoon over, thorns mingle with roses,

And Ned's upper head is the picture of Moses.

Love, honour, obey, toll a funeral knell,

Up start, in their place, hate, disdain, and rebel.

You'll please to look over the statute,
and say,
In case, at the next Lent Assizes, Ned
Bray
Indict Mistress Kate for false swearing,
can her jury
Bring the delinquent in guilty of per-
jury?
Case two.—Captain Boyd, to his tail-
or in debt,
Ador'd, at the Op'ra, Ma'amselle Pi-
rouette:
'Twas Psyche that slew him: he woo'd;
she consented:
Both married in May, and in June both
repented:
The steps that she took gain'd eight
hundred a year,
The step that he took made that sum
disappear.
Please look at the Act, and advise whe-
ther Boyd
By debt made the deed *nudum pactum*
and void;
And say, if eight hundred per annum,
Miss Pirouette
May get back from Boyd, by a count
quantum meruit!
Case three.—Martha Trist, of Saint
Peter-le-Poor,
Had stuck up her notice upon her church
door.
The Act (section eight) says, the wife
must annex
Her proper description, age, station,
and sex.
Her age, four-and-thirty, she fix'd to
the door,
But somehow the wafer stuck over the
four;
And Martha, if judged by some ill-
temper'd men,
Would seem to have own'd to no more
than thrice ten.
If Wildgoose, her spouse, should dis-
cover the flaw,
Please to say if the wedlock's avoided
by law;
And if "on the whole," you would not
deem it safer
To interline "four" at the top of the
wafer.
Case four.—Captain Sykes won the
heart of Miss Dighton
While driving a dennet from Worthing
to Brighton.
Her West-India fortune his hot bosom
stirs,
His cap and mustachios are too much
for hers.
They married: the Captain was count-
ing his gain,
When sugar and rum grew a drug in
Mark-lane.
In temper both fired: 'twas a word and
a blow:
(See Dibdin's Reports, Captain Wattle
and Roe.)
And both, while the stool is at either
head flang,
Try to tear with their teeth what they
tied with their tongue.
Please to study the Act for this couple,
and tell 'em
If they can't be replaced "*statu quo
ante bellum.*"
Case five.—Doctor Swapp'em, allied
to a peer,
Has farm'd his great tithes for five thou-
sand a year.
He never is vex'd, but when pheasants
are wild;
And got a rich helpmate who bore him
no child.
The curate of Swapp'em is pious and
thrifty,
His annual stipend in pounds mounts to
fifty;
His helpmate in annual parturience is
seen,
His children already amount to fif-
teen.
While keeping the *dictum Ecclesie* in
view,
(God never sends mouths without send-
ing bread too)
You'll please to advise, if the Act has
a clause
To marshal the bread, or to average
the jaws.
But see, while my pen your Opinion
implores,
Fresh couples, love-stricken, besiege
the church doors.
The porch of St. Anne's ninety couple
disgorges,
Thrice ninety stand fix'd on the steps of
St. George's;
The fresh and the jaded promiscuously
mingle,
Some seek to get married, some seek to
get single:
While *those*, sage Civilian, you're fet-
tering, please
To hit on a scheme to emancipate
these.
Teach mortals, who find, like the man
who slew Turnus,
A marvellous facile descent to Avernus,
Like him, back their Plato-bound steps
to recall,
And breathe the light æther of Bache-
lor's Hall:
Do this, through my medium, dear Doc-
tor, and then
Ere Easter, my life on't, we both are
made men;

My purse shall swell, laden by fee upon fee,
 King's Proctor, in war-time, were nothing to me:
 While you, happy man, down Pactolus's tide
 Your silver-ear'd galley triumphant shall guide,
 And whirl'd in no eddy, o'ertaken by no ill,
 Reign Hymen's Arch-Chancellor, *vice* Lord Stowell.

New Monthly Magazine.

OLD ACTORS—DICKY SUETT.

O for a "slipshod muse," to celebrate in numbers, loose and shambling as himself, the merits and the person of Mr. Richard Suett, comedian!

Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his lifetime he was best pleased to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lately buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his non-age and tender years were set apart and dedicated.—There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was "cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like *Sir John*, "with hallooing and singing of Anthems;" or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to "commerce with the skies," I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which cathedral seats and sounding-boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of *Motley*, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which Theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in

which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable. He was the *Robin Good-Fellow* of the stage.—He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like *Puck*, by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!* sometimes deepening into *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of—*Ola!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O la!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no further go." He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter,—a sigh have puff'd him down—the weight of a frown had staggered him—a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with *Robin Good-Fellow*, "thorough brake, thorough briar;" reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakspeare foresaw him when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose gait, a slippery tongue; this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words light as air, venting truth deep as the centre with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest singing with *Lear* in the tempest, or *Sir Toby* at the buttery hatch.

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this: Jack was more beloved for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more liked for his sweet, good-natured no pretensions at all.—Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of *Walter*, in the *Children in the Wood*—how dearly beautiful it was!—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of *Love*, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into *Vesta's* days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist, but because it could not touch him any more than a

cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burden of that death; and when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor taut, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O la! O la! Bobby!*—*London Magazine.*

JOE MILLER.

Many a would-be wit, who has Joe Miller constantly on his lips, might probably be induced to make a pilgrimage to his grave, if he knew that it was as near to him as the place called the *Green Church-yard*, or burying-ground, in *Portugal-street*, *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, belonging to the parish of *St. Clement Dane*, and close by the once celebrated *Lincoln's-inn-fields Theatre*, where *Garrick* became so famous, and now as celebrated for being *Spode's depot* for china, &c.—*Miller's* epitaph, by *Stephen Duck*, is on a handsome stone, on the left-hand side as you enter the burial-ground, nearly under the windows of the work-house. The inscription was originally on another stone, but time had taken such liberties with it, that in the year 1816 the churchwarden for the time being, greatly to his credit, caused the present one to be erected. He certainly has tacked himself to *Joe Miller* by his explanation at the bottom of the stone; and probably hopes, and in some degree deserves, to share a little of his immortality; though at present he is on this side the grave, and a highly respectable man.

The following is the inscription on the present stone:

Here lie the remains of
honest Joe Miller,

who was
a tender husband,
a sincere friend,

a facetious companion,
and an excellent comedian.

He departed this life the 15th day of
August, 1738, aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the
grave,

The grave had not so soon this tenant
found,

Whom honesty, and wit, and humour,
crown'd.

Could but esteem and love preserve our
breath,

And guard us longer from the stroke of
death,

The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so
well.

S. Duck.

From respect to social worth, mirthful qualities, and histrionic excellence, commemorated by poetic talent in humble life, the above inscription, which time had nearly obliterated, has been preserved, and transferred to this stone, by order of *Mr. Jarvis Buck*, churchwarden,

A.D. 1816.

FANATICS.

Richard Brothers, the prophet, and *Wright* and *Bryan*, two fanatics, the former a carpenter at *Leeds*, the latter a journeyman copper-plate printer, in 1780 repaired to *Avignon*, in order to form a society of prophets: these men became the friends and coadjutors of *Richard Brothers*. One of them, however, had doubts, and he went to see *Brothers*, prepared with a knife; so that, if any doubts of his apostolic mission should arise, he might deliver such a message from the Lord as *Eliud* carried to *King Eglon*. The new king of the *Hebrews* had not so much as a single Jewish historian. *Mr. Sharpe* became one of his disciples, and beneath a well-engraved portrait placed the following words:—"Fully believing this to be the man whom God hath appointed, I engrave his likeness. W. S."—*Brothers* wrote letters to the King, and to all the Members of both Houses of Parliament, announcing his intention of speedily setting out for *Jerusalem*.—Some of his disciples actually shut up their shops, and many repaired to *London* to join him. Before his departure, he was to prove the truth of his mission by a public miracle, and said he would throw down his stick in the Strand at noon-day, which, like the wand of *Moses*, would be converted into a serpent. In a like strain he threatened *London* with an earthquake.

NAUTICAL BREEDING.

When the late Duke of *York* (brother to *George III.*) went on board *Lord Howe's* ship, as a midshipman, the different captains in the fleet attended, to pay him their respects, on the quarter-deck. He seemed not to know what it was to be subordinate, or to feel the necessity of moderation in the display of that superiority which would naturally result from his high rank. He received them with some

hauteur, whilst a sailor on the fore-castle observing, after expressing his astonishment at the Duke's keeping his hat on, he told one of his messmates, that "the thing was not in its sphere;" adding, "It is no wonder he does not know manners, as he was never at sea before."—*Monthly Magazine.*

OBSERVATIONS ON LYING.

Lies of interest are very various, and more excusable and less offensive than many others. The pale and ragged beggar who, to add to the effect of his or her ill looks, tells of the large family which does not exist, has a strong motive to deceive in the penury which does exist—and the tradesman, who tells you he cannot afford to come down to your price because he gave almost as much for the goods you are cheapening, is only labouring diligently in his calling, and telling a falsehood which custom authorizes, and which you may believe or not as you choose. It is not from persons like these that the worst, or most disgusting marks of falsehood are found. It is when habitual and petty lying profanes the lips of those, whom independence preserves from the temptation to violate the truth, and whom education and religion ought to have taught to value it.

Lies of convenience are next in the list, and are super-eminent in extent and frequency. The order to your servant to say, "Not at home," is a lie of convenience; and one which custom authorizes, and which even some moralists defend, because, say they, it deceives no one. But this I deny—It is often meant to deceive—but were it not so, and were it understood amongst equals as a simple and legitimate excuse, it still is very objectionable, because it must have a pernicious effect on the minds of our servants, who cannot be supposed parties to this implied compact among their superiors, and must therefore understand the order *à la lettre*, and that order is, "Go and tell a lie for my convenience." How then, I ask, in the name of justice and common sense, can I, after giving such an order, resent any lie which a servant may think proper to tell me for his convenience, or his pleasure, or his interest? But amongst the most frequent lies of convenience are those, which are told relative to engagements which they who make them are averse to keep. "Head-aches," "bad colds," "unexpected visitors from the country." All these in their turn are

used as lies of convenience, and gratify indolence or caprice at the expense of integrity. How often have I pitied the wives and children of professional men for the number of lies, which they are obliged to tell in the course of the year!—"Dr.— is very sorry, but he was sent for to a patient just as he was coming."—"Papa's compliments, and he is very sorry, but he was forced to attend a commission of bankruptcy, but will certainly come, if he can, bye and bye;" when the chances are, that the physician is enjoying himself over his book and his fire, and the lawyer also—congratulating themselves on having escaped that terrible bore, a party, at the expense of teaching their wife and daughter, or son, to tell what they call a white lie! I would ask those fathers, I would ask mothers who make their children bearers of similar excuses, whether they could conscientiously resent any breach of veracity committed by their children in matters of more importance. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte*, and I believe that habitual, permitted, and encouraged lying in little and unimportant things, leads undoubtedly to want of truth and principle in greater and serious matters. The barrier, the restrictive principle once thrown down, no one can presume to say where the inroads and the destruction will end; and however exaggerated, however ridiculously rigid my ideas and opinions may appear, I must repeat, it is my firm conviction, that on no occasion whatever is truth to be violated or withheld.—*European Magazine.*

THE HOG,

A MOCK-HEROIC ORATION.

After all that has been said of the utility of the hog, in olden and modern times, we cannot but think that to him, instead of the lion, belongs the title of the king of animals; in point of instinct (by which he selects seventy-two species of vegetables, and rejects one hundred and seventy-one), sagacity, and docility, when tutored, he is but little, if anywise, inferior to the dog, beaver, and half-reasoning elephant. Who has not heard of the learned pig spelling words, pointing out names and designating cards? In the towns of Europe, when the swineheard sounds his horn, every hog leaves his sty to follow him to the forest or fields. If a storm is approaching or a change of wind or weather is about to take place, the hog is the first with his *barometer*

ness, true as *Torricelli's* best instrument, to make the discovery, and to warn his keeper by his cries and movements. With a knowledge of this fact, the conjecturers tell us 'he is the only animal who sees the wind,' by which means he is enabled, on the principle of *corpe d'air*, to avoid foul weather and enjoy the fine. He is also endowed with *sensibility* as well as instinct, and has one quality which distinguishes him from all others of the brute creation—that of running to the aid of his brother hogs in distress and difficulty, braving the greatest dangers and the rudest treatment for the love of kin.

In all countries, except Scotland, the hog, out of gratitude for the eminent services his family has never ceased to render to man, from the most remote antiquity, is permitted to live in a state of what many erect hogs we know of would call luxury and ease. But whoever has visited that sage computer, the ever-saving sawney, in his Murrayshire, must have frequently seen the hog tackled with a small horse to the same plough. How different from the Mexicans, who, in driving their hogs to market, cover their feet and lower joints with a sort of boots, to prevent the ill effects of fatigue, while the peasant who conducts them goes *bare-footed*!

Had it not been for some Egyptian goddesses who fell in love with a bull, and the clan of that wise legislator, Moses, whose cutaneous sympathies pork was supposed to increase (and, therefore, the patriot hog was by both proscribed), we moderns should entertain a much higher respect for him than we do; for it must be acknowledged, taking him altogether, *soul* and body (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), inside and out, that he is very superior to most animals, and the devoted friend of man; to whom he never fails to show his gratitude, by repaying him a hundred fold for all his favours.

As to his habits, they are, to be sure, for the want of care and education, rather grovelling and dirty; but this, as in some biped cousin-germans of his, ought rather to be termed a genteel slovenliness, indicative of great natural gifts and contempt for artificial helps. Though we admit he is an excessive gourmandiser, inasmuch as he is not very choicer of his viands and liquids, yet he has no hankering after whiskey, egg-hot, or juleps, which, with segars, tobacco, and snuff, he leaves to certain *Cossack* relatives of his, who, while yeleeped

lords of the creation, would do well to recollect, that—

'The hog who works not, nor obeys
their call,
'Lives on the labours of these lords
of all.'

Much has been said in praise of the hog, yet many a swinish excellence must be passed over in silence, and left, like virtue, to its own reward. The last advice of the dying, like the parting kiss of the lover, is the most impressive; so is the peroration of a discourse, the finish of an epigram, and last stanza of a poem, as well as the last hint of a moral, from *Aesop* to *Franklin*: so, precisely so, appears the last and most prominent character of our bristly personage; a character of inestimable value in this great republic, the *Pharos* among nations.

When nature created and endowed the hog with qualities surprising and rare, she seems to have presented him to the statesman, lawyer, judge, physician, and divine—to all the human race—as the perpetual model of that stubborn, rude, uncourtly integrity, commonly understood by the name of *independence*; and yet, strange inconsistency! this representative of honest obesity has given rise to the calumnious metaphor of bribery, implied by *greasing a man's palm*! as if the fat of a hog was synonymous with gold.—Our very aspersions are often times charged with precious confessions, detervative of the reputation they were intended to tarnish. Senators have been known to take bribes; Jugurtha bought the Roman and Walpole the British senate; and who has not heard of the *Yazoo* purchase?—Courtiers and sycophants, too, will flatter; but neither adulation nor money can tempt to deviate from the invariable laws of his nature, the 'even tenor of his ways,' this valuable quadruped, who, though like a candidate for public office, he will go through *thick* and *thin* to reach his object, will never be led or driven like a time-serving radical. The downy bed has no enchantment for him. With the *Doric* simplicity of a back woodsman, he lays himself down in the humblest hovel, or under 'the blue span-gled arch of heaven,' and snores away the night with a full stomach and a clear conscience:—

'Go! from the creatures thy instruction take.'

When the Roman historian captivates us most, he recalls that simple age

of purity in which Cleonatus cultivated his own ground, or Scipio roasted turnips and broiled his own pork on his Sabine farm; not that vile Epicurean epoch when emperors and courtesans melted pearls for a soup, gave thousands for a turbot, and millions for a debauch. The incorruptible hog, with Roman simplicity, *ploughs his own fields*, and caters for himself. Truffles and mushrooms are his choicest dainties; for his heaven, like that of the gods, who, in the reign of Saturn, fought and ate with man, and held sweet converse with the women, is upon the earth. There he grunts and grumbles for his competency, which, like the fund of South American riches, is concealed partly under ground, as if the deity had foreseen that tyranny would enslave or cowardice surrender every thing above its surface. But all the crevices of despotism and its inquisition will not coerce him, like the Indian of the Mita, to dig dross for a master.—*Literary Chronicle.*

BURNING DEAD BODIES.

The city of Calcutta being very populous, about sixty or seventy Hindoos are dying every day. After they are dead, their relations take their corpses to Cossy Miter's Ghaut (the only one in the town), where they burn them, and perform other funeral rites. This Ghaut is about fifteen cubits broad and forty long, within which space three, or at most four, piles of wood only can be heaped; therefore the inconvenience that is experienced in burning the dead bodies of the Hindoos will appear from the following description. When any person of a moderate fortune living at Jaun Bazar, and usually going about in a palanquin, has lost some of his relations, he experiences great difficulty in walking so far, in order to bring the body to Cossy Miter's Ghaut at Bagbazar. Again, when he has reached the Ghaut, he finds three or four piles already burning, while five or seven others are ready to be burnt: some brought in the morning, others at noon, and this, that is just coming from Jaun Bazar, at about four in the evening. When those three or four have been burnt away, those that were brought in the morning begin to be burnt about sunset, and are completed between ten and eleven at night. At this time, the water being raised, or, in other words, the flowing tide coming in, prevents those corpses which had been brought at noon from being burnt, and they that

had brought them necessarily are obliged to wait the return of the ebb tide till six in the morning, when they begin their task, and leave those who have come from Jaun Bazar to burn their corpses about the noon, which they cannot finish before evening. This is the manner in which the Hindoo corpses are burnt. This is a very bad practice, and costs a great deal of trouble. First, as it is inconsistent with the general opinion and that of the Shasters, to stale the corpses; second, as our feelings are inexpressibly hurt, to wait at the burning ground with that object in our bosom for whose loss we lament; third, as those persons who take the dead body to the Ghaut have been obliged, before the death of the patient, to attend upon him, and keep up whole nights without any food to themselves, and are now again obliged to do the same on the river Ganges; and, fourth, as, until those persons return home, no one there is allowed to eat any thing, but all must lie down lamenting. We therefore sincerely wish, that either a very wide Ghaut, where twenty-five or thirty dead bodies may be burned, or three or four more of the present kind be made, so that the corpses, immediately upon being taken to the Ghaut, be burned without any opposition or inconvenience. I presume that, when this circumstance is publicly known, the merciful rulers of this land, who are doing every thing to make their subjects happy, will adopt some such measures as will tend to the abolition of this evil practice. They have granted extensive pieces of ground to the Mussulmans, Armenians, Portuguese, and many other nations for burying their dead, and they are more and more adding to those pieces of ground, for another corpse cannot be buried in the same place where one has already been interred: but such is not the case among the Hindoos, for they require only different piles of wood to burn their dead bodies, but not spots of ground. From this we presume to hope that the Hindoos will be able to meet with success from their generous and wise rulers.

TWIN BROTHERS.

In the famous town of Calcutta there are two twin brothers, Cossy and Crishno, at Simlah, who are so alike that no one can discover any difference between them except themselves. They are of the same colour, size, and height; wear the same kind of clothes, eat the same food, and sleep and rise together

and at the same time. They love each other so tenderly, that they have not married yet, knowing that wives are generally the cause of separation between brothers; and as they are both the same, they think the wives would not be able to distinguish each other's husband, and preserve their chastity. One day a milkman was passing by their door with a pot of curds in his hand for sale, and these two brothers resolved to play a trick upon him. Cossy told him that he wished to buy some curds; the milkman presented him the pot, which contained about twelve seers of curds, and demanded the price. Cossy said that it was a very small quantity. "Do you think twelve seers a small quantity?" said the milkman, and told him that if he could eat that whole quantity of curds, he should get them for nothing. Cossy consented to it: and eating six seers, he went into his room, telling the milkman he would instantly return; and Crishno coming out, ate the remainder. The milkman being much confounded, returned home and told this circumstance to his family.—*Astetic Journal*.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

The following remarkable account of the economy with which members of Parliament were formerly elected, is taken from a MS. of J. Harrington, Esq. of Kelston, in Somersetshire. It is dated 1646, and is called, "A note of my BARN business, about the Parliament."

"Saturday, December 26, 1646, went to Bath, and dined with the mayor and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in Parliament, as my father was helpless and ill able to go any more. Went to the George Inn at night, met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; drank strong beer and metheglin; expended about three shillings; went home late, but got excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.

"Monday, December 28, went to Bath; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city. The mayor and citizens conferred about Parliament business. The mayor promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a piece, when we went to London, to the Parliament, which was accepted of; and we talked about the synod and ecclesiastical dismissals. I am to go again on Thursday, and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice thereon.

"Thursday, 31, went to Bath; Mr. Ashe preached. Dined at the George Inn, with the mayor and four citizens; spent at dinner six shillings in wine.

Laid out in victuals at the George Inn 11s. 4d.

Laid out in drinking 7s. 2d.

Laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels 4s. 4d.

"Jan. 1, my father gave me four pounds to bear my expenses at Bath.

"Mr. Chapman, the mayor, came to Kelston, and returned thanks for my being chosen to serve in Parliament, to my father, in the name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice, touching my speaking in Parliament, as the city should direct me. Came home late at night from Bath, much troubled therewith, concerning my proceeding truly for man's good report, and my own safety.

"Note. I gave the city messenger two shillings for bearing the mayor's letter to me. Laid out in all, three pounds seven shillings for victuals, drink, and horse hire, together with divers gifts."

As a contrast to the singular economy of the Bath election, in 1646, it may not be amiss to subjoin the following list of "charges of ONE DAY'S EXPENSES at a small ROT-HOUSE at Ilchester, in the contest for the county of Somerset, in 1813."

353 bottles, rum and gin, at 6s.	£105 18 0
57 ditto, French brandy, at 10s. 6d.	29 18 6
514 gallons, beer, at 2s. 6d.	68 10 8
792 dinners, at 2s. 6d.	99 0 0

£303 7 2

WHAT IS CORRUPTION?

Mr. Beckford brought in a bill for preventing bribery and corruption at elections, in which was a clause to oblige every member to swear, on his admission to the House, that he had not, directly or indirectly, given a bribe to any elector. This clause was so universally opposed, as answering no other end but that of perjuring the members, that Mr. Beckford was compelled to withdraw it. Mr. Thurlow opposed the bill in a long speech, to which Mr. Beckford very smartly replied. "The honourable gentleman," says he, "in his learned discourse, gave us first one definition of corruption, then he gave us another definition of it, and I think he was about to give us a third. Pray, does that gentleman

imagine there is a single member of this House that does not know what corruption is?"

IRISH ELECTORS.

The freedom of election was never more grossly violated than in Ireland, previous to the Union. The Beresford family, who were at the head of the revenue, could, on all emergencies, march a whole army of excisemen, tax-gatherers, distillers, brewers, and publicans, into the field; all of whom had either votes in corporations, or were forty-shilling freeholders in three or four counties; and if, on any occasion, the success of the court candidate was doubtful, a batch of those forty-shilling voters was manufactured for the occasion, and the same identical acre was sometimes transferred in succession from one to twenty tenants, with an increasing profit rent of forty-shillings a year to each. On one particular occasion, when popular interest ran high, on the approach of a general election, Mr. Beresford was obliged to brigade the custom-house officers from the metropolis, and every out-port in the kingdom, all of whom being previously organized as quorum voters for several counties, were actually marched by squads through every district within the circuit of their respective cantonments, to turn the scale at every election they could reach.

This circumstance was, on the meeting of the Parliament, happily seized on by Mr. Curran, who dwelt on it with infinite humour. "What, Mr. Speaker," said he, "must be the alarm and consternation of the whole country, when they saw these hordes of custom-house Tartars travelling every district, devouring like locusts the provisions, and overwhelming the franchises of the people? These fiscal comedians travelled in carts and waggons, from town to town, county to county, and election to election, to fill this House, not with the representatives of the people, but of the great Cham, who commands them. Methinks I see a whole caravan of these strolling constituents, trundling in their vehicles towards a country town, where some gaping simpleton, in wontierment at their appearance, asks the driver of the first vehicle, 'Where, my good fellow, are you going with these rag-muffins?' I suppose they are convicts on their way to the kidship, for transportation to Botany Bay.' 'Oh! no,' answers the driver, 'they are only a few cart loads of raw materials for

manufacturing members of Parliament, on their way to the next election.'"

Such is said to have been the effect of this speech, that Mr. Beresford, and his whole corps of commissioners, joined in the general laugh which it excited.

MR. WILBERFORCE AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

The name of Wilberforce, is associated with the best offices of humanity; and with one of the most glorious triumphs that persevering eloquence ever accomplished—the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

It was soon after the meeting of Parliament in 1787, that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his intention to bring forward a measure respecting the slave trade. His speech was replete with eloquence, and he described this horrible traffic in the most glowing terms.

"Never," said he, "was a more complete system of injustice and cruelty exhibited to the world. To whatever portion of this odious traffic you turn your eyes, you find neither consolation nor relief. The horrors attendant on tearing the Africans from their native country, are only to be compared to the horrors of the voyage; the latter are only to be equalled by the horrors of the colonial slavery itself. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, in the moral, as well as the physical, order of things, some degree of good generally accompanies evil: hurricanes purify the air; persecution excites enthusiasm for truth; pride, vanity, and profusion, frequently contribute, indirectly, to the happiness of mankind. There is nothing, however odious, that has not its palliative; the savage is hospitable; the brigand is intrepid; violence is, in general, exempt from perfidy; and daring iniquity, from meanness. But there is no benign concomitant here; it belongs to this hateful traffic to deteriorate alike the good and the bad, and even to pollute crime itself; it is a state of warfare undignified by courage; it is a state of peace, in which there is no security against devastation and massacre. There you find the vices of polished society, without the delicacy of manners by which they are tempered; the primitive savageness of man, stripped of all its innocence; perverseness, pure and complete, full and finished, destitute of every honourable sentiment, of every advantage that can be contemplated without indignation,

or acknowledged without the deepest shame."

From this time, to 1800, when Mr. W. succeeded in erasing from British history that stain to our national character, his whole life may be read in the progress of the abolition of the slave trade.

Of all the debates to which this subject gave rise, that on the 2d of April, 1793, was the most eloquent and interesting. The number of petitions on the table of the House of Commons, amounted to five hundred and eight; this stimulated and encouraged the friends of the abolition; the want of success hitherto seemed to have awakened all the energies, and to have aroused every honourable feeling of which the human heart is capable. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt, appeared so insuperable, that it was imagined the question would have been carried by acclamation. Eighty-five persons were only found to vote against the total abolition. But by a skillful manoeuvre of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, the word "gradual" was introduced into the motion before it was passed.

Mr. Wilberforce, after enumerating the evils attached to the slave trade, and describing the interest which the subject had excited in several parts of Europe, combated the arguments of those individuals who condemned the inhuman traffic on the score of religion, justice, and humanity, but vindicated it as consistent with the national interest. "I trust," said he, "that no such argument will be used this night, for what is it but to establish a competition between God and mammon, and to adjudge the preference to the latter? What but to dethrone the moral governor of the world, and to fall down and worship the idol of interest? What a manifesto to surrounding nations! What a lesson to our own people! Come, then, ye nations of the earth, and learn a new code of morality from the Parliament of Great Britain. We have discarded an old prejudice; we have discovered that religion, and justice, and humanity, are mere rant and rhapsody! Why, Sir, these are principles which Epicurus would have rejected for their impiety, and Machiavel and Borgia would have disclaimed as too infamous for avowal, and too injurious for the general happiness of mankind. If God, in his anger, would punish us for this formal renunciation of his authority, what severer venge-

ance could he inflict than a successful propagation of these accursed maxims! Consider what effects would follow from their universal prevalence; what scenes should we soon behold around us; in public affairs, breach of faith, and anarchy, and bloodshed: in private life, fraud, distrust, and perfidy, and whatever can degrade the public character, and poison the comforts of social life and domestic intercourse. Men must then retire to caves and deserts, and withdraw from a world become too bad to be endured."

The exertions of Mr. Wilberforce in the cause of humanity endeared him to the public, and particularly to his constituents, the freeholders of Yorkshire, which he represented for nearly thirty years; and in the great contest which took place in 1807, a contest which is said to have cost upwards of 300,000*l.* his whole expenses were defrayed by public subscription! Nay, such was the public zeal manifested in his favour, that more than double the sum necessary for the purpose of supporting his election, immense as it was, was raised in a few days, and one moiety was afterwards returned to the subscribers. A similar instance of popular favour in behalf of a candidate, has never occurred in the history of contested elections.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

LAW AND LAWYERS.

We know very well that the French have a proverb, "a good lawyer, a bad neighbour." And we know that others have averred, that the remedy by law is worse than the disease, and strikingly exhibits the moral of that fable, where the horse employs the assistance of man to revenge an affront. Stamps and expense have saddled, bridled, and muzzled it. We recollect also, that a lawyer, making his will, bequeathed his estate to fools and madmen: being asked the reason; "from such (said he) I had it, and to such I give it." And it has also been alleged against Mr. Hargrave, one of our ablest law commentators, that he expressly says, that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be understood, is an enemy to his profession. Solon compares the people to the sea, and counsellors to the wind, for the sea will be calm and quiet, if the wind does not trouble it. We recollect also reading in Dr. Burnet's entertaining Life of Sir Matthew Hale, that Mr. Hale, the barrister and father of Sir Matthew, was a man of that strictness of consci-

once, that he gave over the practice of the law because he could not understand the reason of giving colour in pleadings, which, as he thought, was to tell a lie; and this, with some other things commonly practised, seemed to him contrary to that exactness of truth and justice which became a Christian; so that he withdrew himself from the Inns of court to live on his estate in the country. And Dr. Garth, alluding to their practice, tells us:

For fees, to any form they mould a cause,

The worst has merits, and the best has flaws;

Five guineas make a criminal to-day,

And ten, to-morrow, wipe the stain away.

But then, whatever may be the portion of truth contained in the aforesaid affirmation, the continued recitation of them in prose and verse, verbal and written, (for it is a fashion to have a fling at a lawyer) lose their freshness, and the observations being often ill-timed, grow sickly and decay, vanishing into air. There are contingent evils in this world; perhaps these may be of them. But let us proceed to show that, by the increase of lawyers; it is self-evident that we may as well attempt to do without property as to do without those who protect it for us, or take it from us. Now Swift much feared, that if books and acts of parliament continued to increase, few would be learned, or any man be a lawyer.—And we know, by the time you get one statute tolerably fixed in your memory; you come to another by which it is repealed: who then can wonder at this increase of lawyers, which some call fatal?

In the rolls of Parliament 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, showing that the number of attorneys had lately increased from 6 or 8 to 24, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. The Commons therefore petition, that it may be ordained, that there shall be no more than six common attorneys for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich. The King granted the petition, provided it were thought reasonable by the judges.—Then again we find a contemporary making the following observations:—"The spirit and essence of the English law cannot be surpassed in point of wisdom by the records of the whole world, ancient and modern; and yet their prolixity is a serious evil, and which

George Alexander Stevens drolly satirises, by one counsellor at the bar referring to the 984th page of the 120th folio volume of the abridgment of the statutes. First our legislature passes an act; then comes an act to amend this act; then a rider, then a supplement, then an appendix, and so on; instead of each act being consolidated under their own authority, or that of a delegated committee. The laws of China (Mr. Barrow tells us) are but 16 small volumes; and probably they have lasted for thousands of years, for a population which is equal to that of one-third of the universe. The Code Napoleon, we believe, is in a single volume octavo; but the ramifications of our statutes tend to confuse, not to define, and finally to fill all England with hosts of lawyers, and consequently, by their exertions in the way of trade, with hosts of plaintiffs and defendants. Some have thought that laws may be whimsically compared to nut-crackers, whilst they crush to atoms small objects, with great ones they bend and break."

THE GOOD OLD TIME.—It is to be hoped the professional gentlemen inhabiting that Fowl place—*Dorking*, will not bring an action against us for exposing its ancient character. We learn, that in the reign of Henry VI "Courts used to be held there every three weeks, and in them actions were brought. There are instances of suits lasting for six months; and perhaps, at last, the damages were four-pence, and the costs twelve-pence!" The old story! "Moreover, it was presented at the court leet, anno 24, (and often repeated) that butchers, inn-keepers, tailors, hucksters, millers, merchants, drapers, shoe-makers, smiths, turners, labourers, bakers, carpenters, and tanners, took excessive prices; that the watch was not kept, that there were several assaults; and that Matilda Symonds was, as presented in former years, a disturber of the peace."—*Manning's Surrey*, p. 531.

The Neapolitans are very fond of law. Mr. Addison tells us a pleasant story on this. One of the Popes made an application to the viceroy of Naples, for a supply of 30,000 head of swine. The viceroy answered, that for the swine, they could not be spared; but if his Holiness had any occasion for 30,000 lawyers, they were much at his service. The administration of law at Naples seems to have been contrived for the express ruin of litigants.

The pictures of the twelve Judges in

Guldball, are those of the virtuous Sir Matthew Hale, and his eleven contemporaries, who, after the dreadful fire in London, 1666, regulated the re-building of the city by such wise rules, as to prevent the endless train of vexatious law-suits which might have ensued, and been little less chargeable than the fire itself had been! These judges sat in Clifford's-Inn, to compose all differences between landlord and tenant. Such a judge now, would be thought an enemy to his profession; but such a fact shows what may be done, without the expensive parade of a suit, as some say.

The Chinese code of laws is so simple, so defined, and so promulgated through the empire, that the services of attorneys and counsellors are unnecessary; and there is not one to be found in the (thus truly called) Celestial Empire. And Peter the Great issued an edict, that no law-suit should exceed eleven days: then it was to terminate. The only wonder at all is, that litigation should exist at all in despotic states, where the will of power is the *Lex Suprema*.

At Axum, in Abyssinia, a singular custom is observed. When any person is injured, he gets hold, if possible, of his adversary's garment, and ties it to his own; if he can do this, the offender neither attempts to deliver himself, nor to leave the garment behind him, but quietly follows to the presence of his superiors, who are to judge him. Such a respect to this novel though legal form of arrest, would hardly have been expected in such a country.—*Valentia's Travels*.

A Prussian soldier was once detected taking certain jewels and corporal ornaments from the image of the Virgin Mary, and boldly asserted that she gave them to him. The case was novel, and a council of prelates and other learned men was convened, who, not averse to miracles, adjudged the thing possible. Frederic the Great understood it, and suffered the soldier to be discharged; but next day it was proclaimed, that on pain of death none should thereafter take advantage of the Virgin Mary.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

WILKES.—Wilkes never would spare Boswell, nor conceal before him, his pre-

judices against the Scottish nation. He seemed to seize with particular avidity every opportunity to play upon Boswell, when any thing relating to Scotland was introduced. "You must acknowledge, my friend Wilkes," observed Boswell one day, "that the approach to Edinburgh, from the London road, presents a very picturesque and interesting picture." "Why, so perhaps it may," returned Wilkes; "but when I was there, the wind was in my face, and brought with it such a confounded stink, that I was obliged to keep my handkerchief to my nose the whole way, and could see nothing of the prospect."

In the riots of the year 1780, which at the same time endangered and disgraced the metropolis, Wilkes was lamenting the ungovernable violence of a London mob; upon this some brother citizens took him up shortly, and reminded him of the disturbances of which he had formerly been the occasion. "Sir," replied Wilkes, "I never was a Wilkite."

THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING QUICKLY.—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, Sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

CANINE AFFECTION.—A bitch, belonging to Mr. Cullen, of the Crown and Thistle Inn, Loughborough, lately brought forth four puppies. After they were drowned and thrown aside, she sought diligently, and found one of them, which, though apparently dead, she found means to restore, by doubling herself up, and warming it, and by now and then shaking it violently in her teeth. But how transient was her joy, for a relapse took place, and its death quickly followed. She then carried it to a complete grave which she had previously prepared for it, and buried it with tears in her eyes, and howling as if in the utmost grief.

EPITAPH.—The following verse, stanza, or whatever else it may be called, is a literal transcript from a tomb-stone in Wigtown church-yard, Galloway:

"Here lies John Taggart of honest fame,
 "Of stature low and a leg lame;
 "Content he was with portion small,
 "Kept a shop in Wigtown, and that's all!"

AN OCTOBER SERMON.—In a village not far from Oxford, a sermon was lately preached on a Sunday, from Gen. i. 28, "*Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.*" After saying a few words on the nature of the command, the preacher observed, that it was absolutely necessary various parts of scripture should be had in remembrance by his hearers, particularly those passages in which the holy rite of matrimony was ordained, for this holy rite must previously sanctify obedience to the precept; but as the wisdom of the Legislature had rendered the preparations for its celebration difficult and doubtful, he should strive to make them less obscure by reading what the law enjoined to be read—viz. the Act to prevent Clandestine Marriages, and by explaining those parts which most affected his parishioners. This he did to the great satisfaction of his audience.

BONAPARTE.—Kotzebue's son, in the account of his imprisonment by the French, relates the following anecdote relative to Bonaparte's passage through Eisnach, after he had abandoned the wreck of his army in the retreat from Moscow: "I had a letter to the postmistress, a handsome young woman, born at Weimar. She told me, that as she was knitting on the evening before, a man entered, wrapt up in a large pelisse. He laconically wished her good evening, and proceeded to warm his hands at the stove. Such visits were common at first, and she took no particular notice of him. He soon began, however, to make inquiries respecting the damage done by the blowing up of an ammunition waggon, and asked whether those who suffered by the accident had received the money which the French Emperor had ordered to be distributed among them? She related what she knew of the affair. He asked her whether she knew the emperor? She answered, she had only seen him transitorily. "Do you wish to see him?" "O yes!" He then threw back his pelisse, with the cape of which his face was partly covered, and said, "You see him now." The surprise of the postmistress may be easily conjectured. She offered him some refreshment, which he declined.

Meanwhile there was a loud noise at the door, where Caulincourt was causing the postillions for delaying to put to the horses. These gentlemen were on the point of returning like for like, when the postmaster, who recognised the Duke of Vicenza, ran to his assistance. In passing through the office, he found the emperor paying compliments to his wife, and dissuading her from going to see what the noise was about. He went, however, to the door himself, put an end to the uproar, and then proceeded further on his journey, after very politely taking leave of the postmaster and postmistress. He made the latter a present of a valuable ring."

A SCOTCH ECCENTRIC.—An eccentric Scotsman, of the name of William Gordon, died on the 4th of October, at Gralvanston, near Glasgow. This singular individual, who had for ten years past worn the same coat, patched and mended, and who is said for seven years never to have used soap in washing himself, left behind him an immense quantity of keys, old and new, highly burnished; a handful of pins; 15 large screws; from 90 to 100 hammers, adzes, and gimblets; a great quantity of bottles and jars; and what may appear most singular, a room full of boys' tops, peeries, whips, &c. His collection of sticks is curious. These, with gold and silver watches, are in the possession of his executor. For many years he wore a polished key on his thumb, a gold watch in one pocket and a silver one in the other.

PROFESSIONS IN SPAIN.—(From the Madrid Government Gazette, Feb. 9, 1822.)—[Advertisement.]—"Wanted a Surgeon. In the town of Argete, about five leagues distant from this Court, and containing 350 families, there is a vacancy for a Surgeon: the salary is 7,000 reals per annum, payable by the Corporation, besides which there are three Priests, and the Collector of the Tobacco dues, who pay separately; those inhabitants who wish to be shaved in their own houses pay 40 reals per annum if they require to be razored twice in the week, and 20 reals per annum for those who only shave once in the week.—Applications, post-paid, addressed to the Constitutional Corporation, will be admitted until the 16th instant."

The passion of De Luc, the natural Philosopher, for music was so prede-

moant in his latter days, that a piano was placed by his bed-side, on which his daughter played great part of the day. The evening of his death, seeing her father ready to sink into a slumber, she asked him—"Shall I play any more?"—"Keep playing, (said he) keep playing!" He slept; but awoke no more.

Miscellaneous.

CARD-TABLE COMPASSION.—So! Miss Fleetic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen, a fine girl!

Ah! is she dead? Poor thing!—*What's trumps!*

—The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—

Is he? I thought he would not recover.—*Play a spade, ma'am.*

—There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies.—How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed.—*That odd trick is ours.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat.—

That's hard.—*I have not a heart, indeed, sir.*

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—

Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody.—*Play a spade, if you please.*

—The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful, indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Ves; one really gives so much in charity.—*I'll bet you a crown on the best club.*

—Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. —?

What? her son drowned! O yes.—*You are right, you can call.*

—George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday—

You don't say so.—*I had two hours in my own hand.*

—Yes; and, as misfortune never comes alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—

Dear me! that's bad—single, double, and the rub!

Excunt, counting their money.

Celebrated Tailors.—Among the celebrated tailors that this country has produced, Sir John Hawkwood, usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness of his needle, or his sword, leads the van. The arch Fuller says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner, was bound apprentice to a tailor in London, pressed for a soldier, and then, by his spirit, rose to the highest command in foreign parts. He served under Edward III., and was knighted. He showed proofs of valour at the battle of Poitiers, and gained the esteem of the Black Prince. He finished his glory in the pay of the Florentines, and died, full of years, in 1394. His native place (Hedingham, Essex) erected a monument to his memory in the parish church.

Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, and knighted for his valour by Edward III.; married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall.

John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor. His merit, as a British historian and antiquary, is indisputable.

John Stowe, the antiquary, born in London, 1525, was likewise a tailor. In his industrious and long life he made vast collections, as well for the history and topography of his native city, as for the history of England. He lived to the age of 80, and died in poverty.

Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage, and had great knowledge in naval tactics.

The first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the Slave Trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker, and a tailor, of New Jersey. He published many tracts against this unhappy species of trade; he argued against it in public and private; and made long journeys to talk to individuals on the subject. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York, in 1773; caught the small-pox, and died, Oct. 7, in sure and certain hopes of that reward which Heaven will bestow upon the sincere philanthropist.

£ A liberal allowance is made to the Trade, and the Numbers exchanged, until a month old, if kept clean.

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